

SKETCH
OF A
DESCRIPTIVE JOURNEY
THROUGH
SWITZERLAND.

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*It may not be amiss to mention,
that in reading this Sketch you
ought, in general, to keep slow
time.*

SKETCH

OF A

DESCRIPTIVE JOURNEY.

IN going from Lausanne to Aubonne, you pass by the town of Morges ; where, through a great cleft in the Chablais mountains, you behold Mount Blanc. Some time before this, you descry its top skimming over the mountain heads ; but at this cleft, its attendants having first come forth to view, it presents itself in form. The cleft, however capacious, is thus entirely occupied : and now the Chablais, being

united by its natural head, assumes a new and more majestic appearance.

The view from the signal of Aubonne, compasses at once both extremities of the lake ; but the eastern quarter of the horizon should be seen by the setting, and the western by the rising sun. The mouth of the Rhone cannot, I believe, be descried. You see distinctly the glaciers of Mount Blanc rising up on its volume in ridges—hue of the mount itself, that particular one that you may observe between the folds of a white rose. Its superiority in height over the circumjacent mountains was measured in a striking manner ; the sun not setting to it, until long after he had to every other. Indeed such an object, if any on the surface of our hemisphere, is worthy of meeting alone, and of fixing the last lingering regard of that luminary.

At one extremity of the lake the situation of Geneva could be guessed at by its smoke only : At the other, Villeneuve seemed immersed up to its spires in the water. Behind our right shoulder, in proportion as the day departed, the dark-purple hue of the Jura, then its gray blue, afterwards blackest green.—The bank of the Vaud along the Swiss side of the lake running towards us from the mountains behind Vevay ; and as soon as it arrives on this side of Lausanne—disemboguing itself, as it were, on

the rich plain that was poured around us on every side—Groves of oak—country-houses—corn-fields—vineyards, and all the towns and villages of the Pays du Vaud—This view certainly more extensive than that from Lausanne, and it has Mount Blanc. It sees, however, the lake in such a manner as to contract it on every side ; nor is the aspect so happy that the mountains present here, as that at Lausanne, nor is there that variety—indeed where else, in what two happy spots, shall we find the beauties of Italy and Switzerland united !

I went on to the valley of Joux, for the sake of enjoying the extensive prospect. Every step we made, Mount Blanc surged still higher in the skies, seeming to spurn beneath him the rest of the Alps.—The valley of Joux, considering its elevation on the summit of the Jura, must be allowed to be uncommonly fertile. It is extremely shallow for its breadth, and is said to be much after the manner of Derbyshire. With regard to its beauty it enjoys a great advantage ; in that, it is natural to compare it to other valleys situated like it on the summit of mountains, and particularly to those of the Alps ; otherwise, it might not perhaps appear (as it certainly did not to me,) extraordinarily beautiful. Instead, too, of cold bleak winds, as in those valleys, or of pent-up vapours, you

are refreshed by fine breezes tempered in the sun.

In the small lake here, the exceeding depths at different spots caused many dark tinges in its colour; the waves, too, ruffled by the breezes, and glistening with sunbeams, flickered like so many fragments of silver leaf when breathed upon.

I went up alone from the town to the signal, situated on the top of the Vauillon. It takes an hours very fast walking to arrive there. Its reputation for being haunted by wolves and bears, together with the loneliness of the way, occasion the wind (every now and then as it drums in your ears) to startle, and alarm you.

I sat down to repose myself, and in the mean while to gaze at the setting sun. What a profound solitude surrounds one at these heights in the air! How keen, too, the wind blows here! —On all sides, from the immense distance, every object appears as through a mist, and darkly.

Between the southern and western points of the compass, the whole valley of Joux lay in prospect before me. The lake of Rouffes—The intermediate river weaving its way from lake to lake like a worm.—The road along which we had come up the valley, a loose-stretched cord. Westward lay France, whose

ridges ran across my view far and wide, the beginning and the end of them indistinguishable; not only on account of the distance, but of the setting sunbeams that glared in my eyes.—Towards the north, nothing but mountain wastes, and wilds.—Between the north and east I descried a lake, with a city at this extremity of it. It was easy to guess that it must be that of Yverdun, with the lake of Morat by its side. Farther to the right, specks or shadows, said also to be lakes. A broad and lofty mountain intercepted Orbe; and others, again, that of the picturesque valley of Travers. All these objects, together with the Vevay mountains, the canton of Friburgh, and glaciers of Berne, completed this quarter.

Between the eastern and southern points, broadly gleamed Geneva's lake; revealed however to view as far as its promontory of Yvoire only: the other horn of its half-moon being eclipsed by the mountains. Beyond lay the Alps of Savoy—Mount Blanc without effort the first.—I had nearly forgotten the valley of Romainmotier, it lay so directly under my feet—its low stone walls, that by way of a hedge intersect it in every direction, like silver rims.

The precipices here are as steep as any among

the Alps. I advanced to the brink with a fearful curiosity, allured by the shrubs and verdure with which they are embellished. After having explored every object, near or distant, that is commanded by this signal, I looked back on the west, and found that the sun had now been some time under the horizon : in less than half an hour I was at the inn.

The next night I got back to Lausanne, and the following morning resumed my journey before the clock had struck five.

How much less imposing upon the eye is extent in length or breadth, than in height or depth ! for if this lake of Geneva could be supposed a polished steel mirror raised perpendicularly on one of its sides, it would in some parts be six miles loftier than Mount Blanc, and in others nine. Raised up on one of its ends, it would reach to the supposed extremity of the earth's atmosphere.

One might fancy, upon seeing the Chablais, that the earth having of old conceived a great burden of rocks, in proportion as they have grown, has distended itself in every direction. At last, unable to contain them any longer, it has burst : whereupon the rocks stand forth to view, looking out in several places.

A poet, who was also a philosopher, has compared them still better, to a body starved to

death, the skeleton sticking out every where, the skin shrunk, dry, and parched.

That which seems to be fine dark-brown mould scattered upon those rocks, are firs; for they are at the height of more than three thousand feet perpendicular above the surface of the water, and ten miles distant in a straight line. The four regions of vegetation mentioned by botanists distinctly marked: corn fields and meadows; woods; pastures; mosses and lichens;—above naked rock. From the base of these the rich bank of Evian, rough with woods, is lengthened out; framing the lake for some miles towards Geneva.

Mountains of Savoy that roll in large, tumultuous waves, and that tumble and dash from Mount Blanc (whose face they hide) to the lake. The bank of Evian serves between the latter and these, as a line of demarcation only. On this shore between the lake and the Jura, the comely Côte strown over with tumid woods of oak, as a whirlpool with spots of foam; for like a whirlpool the Côte is concave.

The sun rises at one extremity of the lake, and sets at the other. At meeting full his setting look, the rocks around Villeneuve, though muffled with thickest, streaky air, blush and sparkle like carbuncle: but when he rises you should view the Jura; she smiles as she grace-

fully files off towards Geneva, her right shoulder off from the sun, and dropping down her mists at his beams.

Various appearances of the Pays du Vaud in the morning and evening ; in the spring and autumn ; under a strong gust of wind ; or a storm of thunder and lightning. (On this last occasion the rock of Meillerie is observed to be haunted by a rainbow.) Ever-changeful dyes of the lake's conscious waters ; violet-purple, rosy—lilac-purple—fluid emerald—fluid sapphire. Viewing them all in one from the signal whenever the sky lours, they fret like molten lead. Before rain comes on, currents are remarked on their surface, describing deviously their lucid paths, like so many rivers advanced some way into the sea, and not yet mingled with it.

To help you to a choice of objects in a landscape so original, so diversified, so extensive, the clouds become, by fits, frugal of the sun shine, and spread it sparingly here and there upon some interesting spot—thus fetching it out to view for a short moment. And as this partial light travels in time over the whole landscape in succession, you do the same, and yet never become familiar enough with any part of it.

Parts of the landscape large, grand, majestic, and that strike up in one united chorus.

That morning the air was calm and serene, so as to accord perfectly with my then tone of mind.—Pale indistinct brown of the Jura—Strong-marked blue rim on the outline of the western part of the lake across it in its greatest breadth. Promontory of Yvoire sweeps into the lake like a reversed scythe. Contrast between the Chablais and the Jura :—the latter, like Milton's Raphael, had its head, waist, and feet, winged with clouds.

All the Chablais tipped, or rather thick-plated over with light. The lake stained and striped with blue and green of various shades. The fresh-green meadows of Savoy, its woods like so much tufted moss, and the broken rocks above with their dishevelled snows, all swelled out to view ; and seemed to have been urged two-thirds nearer the Lausanne shore than during winter. Fishing smack sailing at a distance, shewed no bigger than a down feather—the towns on the Savoyard shore, than children's little paper boats. The bank on this shore, from Lausanne to near Vevay, covered for two or three leagues with walled terraces, would have resembled the pictures we see of the fortified rocks of Gibraltar, had not the vines wrapped them round with one continued web of the brightest verdure.

As you proceed to Vevay, the mountains of

Savoy gradually drop down behind the Evian bank as through a trap-door. The moment you get half-way, they have vanished totally.

From the steeple of Vevay cathedral you behold the grand vista that from the mouth of the Rhone pierces into the Valois; its extremity blocked up by a mountain in the shape of a large, broad skittle.—Alternate advance of the mountains on each side.—The Rhone welling out into the lake. Numberless winding wrinkles and furrows on the sides of the Chablais, worn by the rains, snows, and springs trickling down them; so many tortuous vallies, the sinking beds of as many rivers. These less sinuous in the Villeneuve mountains, as they stand more upright. The Evian bank foreshortened, and thereby seems much thicker—immense breadth of the lake at that part.

If now you turn yourself round to the right (where you see the lake in profile) there the Jura displays a long-extended blueish-gray shadow; and the Côte proves to be its shelving sides only. The corn fields and towns thereon, like so many spots of sunshine. The bank towards Lausanne, for a league or more, finely clouded with trees, and distinct, with villages.—The rest is a fractured shell of ground that shuts up the view, rising with broken edges all around the remaining sides of the cathedral.

It is covered with vines up two-thirds of its height, and then ends in pasture and woods.—Noise of cannon on the opposite shore of Savoy ; the report conveyed by the lake, which serves as a sound-board to every noise in the towns around its borders.

All the way in proceeding from Lausanne to Villeneuve, you might perceive Savoy waning from east to west.—Meillerie—the castle of Clarence, and its fabled grove, have had a happier destiny than to be described by me ; as well as all this country, which, in any competition for excellence that it may have with others, shall certainly, too, have my vote and wishes ! Beautiful rocks, intermingled with verdure and trees, line this part of the shore, (from Moutrê to Villeneuve.) Near the castle of Chillon the road wafts you down to the foot of lawns, out of which arise several lofty chestnut trees, that jerking up their branches, and expanding the extremities of them, form, interrupted indeed, but spacious and airy porticoes underneath. Above, rich meadows and other woods, overhung in their turn by high-piled banks of rock, whose tops are jagged with fir. I stopped here to refresh myself by the cool breezes that flitted off the lake.

Fine afternoon and sun-set for some time before I got to Bex.—Sanguine tints in the

clouds.—Summits of the rocks (from the reflection of the sun) of pallid porphyry.

The walk up to the signal at this place is very interesting ; here too is a continued bower formed by lofty-spreading trees. When arrived there, you behold a broad valley eighteen miles in length. The horizon on all sides made up by mountains ; it leaps off, however, to a distance at the great inlet into the Valois on the left-hand of your prospect, as it does also on the right, in order to admit a part of Geneva's lake. In the first instance, the view stoops down into the Valois without, however, reaching the ground. Half-way between Bex and the lake of Geneva, there is a long insulated crag holding up a square Roman tower with ruins scattered near it ; the foundation of the crag sunk in trees, which toss up their sprays upon it with great abundance. As usual, there is on the mountains a struggle between cultivation and barrenness. Their prerogatives are so unsettled, that each is alternately making incroachments on the other.—Some of the richest vallies, that have all the tenderness and freshness of youth about them, are caressed in a manner by a neighbouring mountain, or by two together, as they unite to support the precious burden.—It is generally at the point where the mountains rise off the plain, that

th towns gather in so many cruffs.—Below our feet the bottom of the valley forms a small plain, whose verdure was of the brightest green, flourished over by trees : oftener they are regularly intersected by them, so as to bear too close a resemblance to an architect's plan of a house. However in general I never saw a country more agreeable to the fancy, it is the reign of the Dryads and Hamadryads.—After the Rhone has passed through St. Maurice (the gate of the Valois) you see it at intervals only—The villages, catholic chapels, convents, &c. could with difficulty heave above the profusion of foliage.—There happening to be a little rain and thunder, the blacker that the mountain over St. Maurice, encasqued in clouds, grew at one end of the prospect, the more luminous became the lake of Geneva, at the other.

The next morning I entered the Valois by St. Maurice—Rich, magnificent scene of rocks and woods that overhang it.—Having passed through the town, you remark standing on your right hand a prodigious wall of rock, horizontally intersected by verdure in several places ; half-way up a hermitage has nestled itself.—Here the Theban legion was cut to pieces. Proceeding farther on, you have on your left-hand, lofty verdant mountains, where trees and pasture break and swell out in numberless spots.

—Cottages here and there bring to my mind, Marmontel's *Shepherds of the Alps*. — Stringy cascades, whose gleam is seen only by fits, and which do not rebound from the rocks, but clinging like slime or oil, slide down them. — At last there is a violent ebullition, so to say, of woods, which copiously gush out of the sides of the mountain, and hurry down the valley in a long sweep to the Rhone.

Two hours or more after I had entered the Valois, methought I saw at a great height up the mountain, on my right hand, a thick white column of clouds driven forcibly downwards; and surging downwards: but the crash with which it fell, and its sudden metamorphosis into a rainy fog, discovered to me that it must be the Pissevache. Although before you arrive at it, you perceive the mountain to be two or three times higher than the cascade, yet upon coming close under the latter, it appears to project from the very summit itself.

There are two or three streams besides the main one that trickle copiously down the rock, exactly like milk in several branches growing thick one out of another.

As I saw this cascade several times, I found that it assumes a different appearance according to the season, weather, or time of day. For the next time I passed that way during the great

heats, it was big swollen by the liquefaction of the snows ; so that its several currents were all confused into one. The last time that I saw it was at about nine o'clock in the morning, in the latter end of autumn. The stream had developed its long silvery tresses, letting them run out their whole length until they had reached the ground. They were largely dishevelled, and wantoned with by the breeze, which happened to blow rudely at that time : but the sun had no sooner shone out, than they were approached by a rainbow, which confined and braided them. And I amused myself with making it slide up and down the cascade, alternately from top to bottom : you may even take it off entirely, by proceeding a little farther along the road ; when upon turning your eye, you behold the mere cascade, floating, and waving in ringlets.

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The country, in general, from Vevay to Gruyeres, flowery meads and swelling pastures, rounded off by ambient trees. This is one of the favourite spots of landscape painters. Having passed Gruyeres, our journey lay along the banks of the river Sane or Sareen. Its waters are of a bright sea-green colour ; it flows in a serpentine direction in its valley at the foot of

a ridge of mountains. The slopes or declivities of these were more or less abrupt; were variegated with clumps of trees, flowery meadows dancing through them. Sometimes they stem the river by a rocky bank; sometimes by a plain-shelving gravel shore, or a grass plot.—Hamlets, milk-sheds, and wooden villages with their wide-slouching roofs.—The mountain's heads bristled with fir.—On the right-hand they were of moderate elevation; and, laying aside the terrors of their brows, they approached quite close to us with a smiling aspect, ermined with snows.—Nothing but pastures—At last the track of the river (of which the road never once loses sight) conducted us across that mountain, that is pitched here as a sort of land-mark between the cantons of Friburgh and Berne. This side of it, steep and picturesque in the highest degree; its pastoral scenes bring a second time to my mind, Marmontel's *Shepherds of the Alps*. The higher we ascended, the more profound did the valley become along which the river was passing; though in general, the contrary happens.—Its sides mastod with some thousand pines.—Every now and then we descried, through their openings, the river at the bottom, not a little vexed at the fragments of stone with which the channel had perplexed its path.

But the channel would continue for some moments contracting itself so narrow as to make you think that it was going to block up the passage. Next it would start aside. Then it would suddenly sink down, leaving the river to get after it as well as it could. Afterwards it would stop short, and whirl round behind a clump of trees and there hide itself. Meantime the river fumes after it, jostling the stones in its way, or twisting round them, or tripping them up, or leaping over them. By keeping constant to the track of this river, we arrived in a valley which may be called Rossiniere, or Rougemonde ; for it begins with one village, and ends near the other. There the mountains on all sides were of very moderate elevation ; scarcely mountains indeed—yet scarcely hills. The pastures extended to the very top—herds, and flocks of sheep and goats—I slept ill enough at the place, from which the river takes its name.

SATURDAY.

Set off at five in the morning.—The sun mused sweetly upon the minister's house ; this and the church were of stone, they are the only buildings in a village not of wood. The valley preserves much the same appearance as

yesterday. At Zwey-simman we changed our guide ; for now the river Kandel began to shew us the way, and was to conduct us to Thun.

In general it may be said, that if you have seen one of these valleys, you have seen them all. It is difficult to express the chearful calm and tranquillity the mind feels in travelling through them. On all sides the view is short, and is bounded by green mounts which sequester you from the world. The only passengers that you meet with on the road are the peasants, passing to and fro about their ordinary occupations. Scarce a sound to be heard, but the tinkling of the herds bells. The hour of noon may indeed be told by the insect chimes, and midnight by those of the sole gnat (to the wakeful). But the rest of the twenty four hours, from morning to noon, from noon to evening, is marked by these sounds uniformly proceeding from shrill to grave. Such is the Arcadian music that lulls you a-sleep every evening, and awakens you every morning.

SUNDAY.

The farther you proceed towards Thun, the valley grows wider and more variegated. At last it conducts you into a rocky strait of a great height, rough-hairy grown, shagged with

fir. This again brings you to a wide open country. Two or three hours after you arrive at the lake of Thun ; and proceed along its banks to the city of that name.

MONDAY.

I went over this lake in my way to the Oberhasley. Its waters were at that moment of a fresh raw green with foam scattered over it, like numberless shavings driven before the wind.—Its character is simple, and rustic. It forms a contrast to the magnificence of the Geneva lake ; there the pomp of cities and towns, here wooden villages. You remark in it some abbreviated parts of that extensive lake ; as too it is narrower by at least two thirds, you see the opposite banks from either shore distinctly. You may have an almost exact picture of it by presenting a looking glass that diminishes against that part of the lake of Geneva that lies between Villeneuve and Evian ; the whole tour of the Thun banks containing nothing that will not be found in that compass ; excepting one or two cascades, and that the villages here are all of wood.

Another time in passing from the Valois to Grindelwald I was agreeably surprized to find that the road had conducted us to this lake ;

along the banks of which I walked the best part of a day : the hay-season too having just begun, the breeze played upon, more than one of the senses. There was a fine morning scene ; nature seemed not yet fully awake. A dripping cloud that had lingered after all the rest had departed with the night, drooped between the folds of the mountain, at that part where there is a small creek. Upon the whole it appeared to me more beautiful than I had before thought it ; owing perhaps to its being surveyed from a better point of view, than it can from any upon it. The bank along which I was walking, often flung me into a pleasing reverie that I was roaming for miles upon our English pleasure grounds : but as often some stupendous object, as a mountain, or the lake, striking my eyes, dissolved one charm, by creating another. The path in some parts, betakes itself into a grove of firs or pines. Sometimes it glanced along the very edge of the water ; then suddenly sprung away again. Then it would soar and hover above it, as hesitating whether to descend or not.—Spacious ruins of a castle at the farthest extremity.

TUESDAY.

The country (called the Interlachen) that

joins this lake to that of Brientz, bears a striking resemblance to that between Villeneuve and Aigle on the road to Bex ; a resemblance by the bye to be found in several other lakes of Switzerland. I took a boat to go along that of Brientz. At first there is a species of natural port or haven formed by a beautiful low dike that comes half across before you arrive at the main lake. The lake of Brientz is surrounded, except at the two extremities, by lofty mountains. They are well wooded, but those on the right hand, as you proceed to Brientz, are more rocky, barren, and steep, than those on the left ; which shelve more into the water, and are variegated in their whole length by meadows, gardens, a ruin, and one or two villages.—Ruins of the castle of Rinkenburg. —Half way there is near the right-hand shore, a little stud of an island, that with its garden and cottage embosses the surface of the water. This lake is about three miles in breadth, and nine or ten in length ; it is profound, in some parts drawing two hundred and fifty fathoms. As the weather was serene and sunny, its surface in shining smoothness, and in blueish-green hue resembled a large oiled silk. —It is said to resemble that of Wallenstadt more than any other. —Like that it has several cascades ; in particular one above the vil-

lage of Brientz, much in the manner of the Pissevache. Opposite, on the other shore, is one in the shape of a winding stair-case. The village of Brientz, which gives a title to this lake, is remarkable only as it is the largest in the canton of Berne. It furnishes no less than three companies of some regiment or other, and the Swiss regiments are very full; the Vatteville for instance consists of two thousand five hundred men. This village is built entirely of wood.

At the extremity of the lake is the Oberhasley, into which we now entered. This valley is justly celebrated over Switzerland on many accounts; but in my eye on none more than its banks of rock, which are all that I can pretend to speak to, having had occasion to observe nothing else. These have infinite variety of character and expression; to these it is owing that the cascades of the Oberhasley are so numerous, so animated, and fantastic. Every five minutes as you proceed along it, a cascade pops forth suddenly from the bank above your head, over which again fragments of the rock dangle in the shape of so many icicles. There is a ruined castle, above the town of Meyringen, from which you see one of the upper falls of the Reichenbach. The prospect from this castle is strangely like

that from the signal of Bex. Instead of the Rhone and Geneva's lake indeed, it is the Aar and the Brientz. There too the foliage predominates over every other object, here the rocks and cascades. It is the composition, together with the shape and colour of its rocks, and their finishing, often like chrysalized salts, oftener exquisitely cut and polished like prismatic glass, that renders this valley so singular and interesting.

The firs on the tops of the banks seem to us at this distance below to be exactly of the size and shape of nettles. In many places they counterfeit the rows of box in our gardens.

Before I got to the inn at Meyringen, I was stunned by a noise which brought that passage of Livy to my mind where he describes the destruction of Alba. This was caused by the torrent Reichenbach, overtaken and precipitated by the floods. I resolved to go and visit it that instant; however its appearance did not equal its report.

THURSDAY.

The next morning I repeated the visit. Its waters had during the night recovered their purity, and its voice had considerably

abated its hoarseness. In your way to it you have a glimpse of the preceding fall above mentioned, that rends the upper edge of the mountain, and is suddenly after engulfed in trees.

But this, where the river ends (being swallowed up by the Aar,) and which is called the third fall, is the principal one. The surrounding show of trees and rocks set it off to striking advantage ; particularly that bank that as you stand opposite the fall, spreads out far to the right, its outline indented exactly like the trace of a flash of lightning. The fall is divided into two stories. In the lower one there is a beautiful stump of rock, green with moss, that at the brim flits off a slip of water, which however is quickly reunited below. There the bed of rock swells out, so however as not to emerge in any part above the water ; varying it at the same time, and causing it to linger : —you would think that you saw a great number of copious sources entwisted and matted together. Afterwards as they are shoaled down they compose the most curious foam-work.

That night that I got to Berne (in the short deviation from my route that I made from Thun to the lake of Bienne,) there was a sublime storm of thunder and lightning. It lasted until eleven o'clock the next morning, though I never heard that it had done any mis-

chief. In general lightning is timid ; it seems to come out of its gloomy mansion in a start. But that night it was bold and enterprising, making numberless sallies from every quarter of the sky. At one time, Proteus-like, it assumed a fluid form, and splashed the ground underneath my feet ; at another it glided by me in undulating springs. But it played chiefly about the city of Berne : Twice with dragon-spires, it swath'd it round.

At other times it kept at a distance, and shivered innocent down the sky's vault, leaving a transient bright scratch only.

The view from the terrace of the Cathedral at Berne, has at the horizon the horns or peaks of all the Swiss Alps regularly placed as in a scale.

It has often struck me, that in an arcenal such as this of Berne, or that in the tower of London, you may read, in the most lively and expeditious manner, the common-place history of a state. Thus you have a list of the succession of chief magistrates ; of the persons that have perished for treason, real or supposed ; names of provinces conquered ; trophies and victories won—midnight murders : and above all, specimens by which you may trace the progress made in the arts of destruction, as guns, &c. from their first invention to their latest im-

provement; treaties of alliance and peace, &c.

But there is one incident in the arsenal of Berne, that I think more beautiful than almost any to be found in common-place histories. It is, that there are several old stands of arms and trains of artillery complete in all their parts, and which have actually never once been taken out since first deposited there by the workman's hand. There are also others, now in disuse, which however are equally fresh and innocent.

And yet no army that has at any time entered Switzerland in an hostile manner, ever returned out of it.

Having slept at Nidau on the north-east side of the lake of Bienne, I got up at four in the morning, and set off for the isle of St. Peter as soon as the boatmen were ready. The day was extraordinarily fine, and the approaching heat was announced by the vapours that steamed off the river and lake. The whole bank on the right hand elevated and steep; at the lower parts the vines had realized as much as possible of the soil. Here and there towns at the edge of the water, as is usual on all the Swiss lakes.—Trees on the rocks like so much furze.—The bank on the left hand low, but rich in arable ground,

wood, and pasture ; beyond it an extensive prospect, with Alps whose name I could not discover. This bank rises gradually at the south-east end into a considerable eminence, well wooded and steep.

No place is more easy to conceive without having seen it, than this island. It is, as to its horizontal circumference, nearly an oval ; and as to its surface, of a narrow conical form viewed from the north : from the west or east, a broad one. Its eastern surface, less globular, has a gentle declivity thick-planted with vines ; in the midst stands the farm-house, the only dwelling house in the isle, and not far from the shore. There is an aged grove of oaks that proceed over the whole length of the summit.

The island is pitched on a broad pier of rock, which runs some distance on every side under the water. To the south this rock extends a great way, and bulges up at last in the shape of a bank that seems covered with reeds and grass.

They shew you Rousseau's apartment, the window of which looks towards the east ; having those Alps above mentioned stretched before it. Names upon the walls of people of all nations ; persons that have made a pilgrimage to the retreat of this great political saint,

and prophet. Offerings of thanks by fathers and by mothers to the author of the *Emilius*, calling upon him as the friend, father of mankind—testimonies of joy at having succeeded in his method of education. However I was mortified to see a great many stupid inscriptions, and other names.

I strolled for hours up and down wherever I could find a path, in the grove of oaks above mentioned. Underneath it is a thicket, with devious walks. In the most elevated spot, a pavilion divides the principal path, which follows the direction of the oaks, though by no means in a servile manner. The outside of its walls are feathered with wooden tiles after the manner of the cottages on the mountains. After dinner I had an excellent desert in the grove upon the largest black-berries I had ever tasted, and immediately fell into a short nap. The air was cool in the thicket, and the light sober and staid. Seats are placed at convenient distances for repose, as well as for the different views over the lake.—Bienne's and Nidau's spires making their reflection in the water like short grass beside a clear fountain.

I regret that my mind was by no means in the tone to feel the sentiments proper to such an occasion : though I had the good fortune to find no one else on the island but the people of

the farm-house. But how should I, and the others that resort here with their noisy mirth, enjoy such a place with the true relish! For in order to enjoy it duly, the mind should first have been fresh-struck by the Penferoso star.

“ And join with this
 “ Spare fast, that oft with Gods doth diet.

.

“ Or as I wake, let music breathe
 “ Above, about, or underneath;
 “ Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 “ Or th’ unseen Genius of the wood :”

And add, Milton! the being wrongfully held up to the harsh thoughts of misguided mankind.

* * *

I returned back by Berne in my way to the Rhine. Three leagues beyond that is Burgdorff; and from Burgdorff for five or six other leagues as far as Langenthal is the greatest variety of the most beautiful and romantic woody scenes. It struck me that in this spot our English gardeners might find excellent models to study.

The country beyond this, beginning now to have much less character and simplicity, is more difficult to describe. Meeting therefore with nothing remarkable enough to stop me, I proceeded without delay to the Rhine.

There are two rivers in Switzerland *, into which its every spring and every flood ultimately fall. These are the Rhine, and the Rhone ; the latter, perhaps, may be mentioned in another place, the former now : having first also mentioned the Limmat, the Reufs, and the Aar, other three rivers, by which it is, not inconsiderably, augmented. The Limmat owes its small origin to the mountains of Glarus ; among which it went by the name of Linth. Flowing on to within four leagues of Wallenstadt, it there becomes the lake of that name. Before it has proceeded five leagues farther, its waters increase to so great a bulk, that it is obliged to reduce them by the formation of a second lake, that of Zurich, four times as large as the former one : after which, regardless of his former origin, he changes his name for that he now bears.—Some time after this, the Limmat makes a very commanding

* I here suppose the natural (not minding the political) boundaries of Switzerland to be the summits of the St. Bernard, St. Gothard, the Jura, &c. &c.

figure at the general rendezvous of the rivers near Vogelfang. The Reufs rushes suddenly down the steep of the St. Gothard; and having formed at Fluelen the most romantic of all the lakes, the Lucerne lake, he for some time slackens his pace, falling off towards the right, as if spent with so great an effort; until reinforced by the Loretz river coming fresh from the lake of Zug: he then presses straight forward without stop or delay, and embodies himself with the Aar, not far from Vogelfang above mentioned. The Aar begins his career much higher up, and describes it round a much greater extent of territory. Sprung from the topmost Grimsel, he calls forth from all the mountains of Berne his vassal springs and snows; these are gathered together at the lakes of Brienz and Thun; then taking along with him a force sufficient to carry off many ordinary torrents, he parades all along the western regions. At Buren he acquires by the Thiele the lake of Bienne—in a word, all the west and north-west lakes and rivers. There is, as I said before, a rendezvous of these three rivers near Vogelfang; where the Limmat and the Reufs, too equal in force to yield to each other, and incapable either singly or united of meeting the Rhine, successively abandon themselves up to the

Aar— : who now becomes indeed the rival of the Rhine, and a rival altogether worthy of him. He hurries on, impatient to contend for the honor of representing the watery nations of Switzerland, and of conferring his name upon them.

In the mean time the Rhine has passed tranquilly along the whole eastern parts of Switzerland, having set off from the very southernmost extremity. To see in its origin this river, destined to stretch its length over no inconsiderable part of the circumference of the globe : to see it when it is but a stripling, a puny rill dripping down from a most solitary and august glacier in the Grisons : rocked immediately afterwards in a cradle formed by two high close-jutting banks of granite, that confine its majestic, but yet tender, limbs in too narrow a compass : excite respect and awe, the sentiments we feel in contemplating the infancy of Hercules, or the origin of Rome. It forms indeed but one lake ; however that one is the lake Constance, the largest of all the lakes ; a most capacious magazine of waters. Already is he fit to enter that career for which he is born ; already the surrounding country hail him chief of the Swiss floods ! and he now advances forward with more kingly gait, his banks receding, and

making way for him, as he gathers his voluminous train. After stepping down the precipice at Lauffen, (at which step the woods re-echoed and the rocks trembled,) he urges on to meet his antagonist the Aar.

The struggle was near Guytenburg : where at the very first shock the Aar is overwhelmed, and is never heard of more.

The trains of these rivers have ever since been drawing after them, and will ever continue to do so ; I went to see that of the Rhine in its descent at Lauffen above mentioned. Sometime before I arrived, I discerned at a distance a mist rising up, as of the smoke of so many boiling springs, which announced it to my eyes ; as its din presently after did to my ears, like twenty forges all blowing at once. I hurried to the bank, and stood by the mill behind the fall ; from whence you can see only as far as the crags that are stuck on its verge ; from that point of view I saw throngs of currents shocking and jarring against each other ; then shot like battering rams against the crags : I saw these again followed close by others, and all with irresistible sway rapt down. But if you wish to see it, when it wears its most beautiful aspect, you must stand in its front, that is, in the road ; here too you command the whole course of the Rhine for some time before,

and for a considerable time after the fall; when it wheels off abruptly to its left, around Lauffen castle. It does not in any part precipitate itself plumb down,* but is fretted over an obliquely-winding rock full of gulphs. The body of the water is cleft, at the very point where it begins to descend, into three principal masses by two crags; one of the three masses is larger than the two others added together: this next the Lauffen bank.—At first, the river standing up at least a fathom above the brim, laps over smooth as a round dark-blue-polished flint:—in a moment it is snatched and hurried down; then begins the foam, over which, if the sun shines, bends the enamoured rainbow. The dividing crags are covered on this side with moss and shrubs; they have evidently been reft asunder by the currents; and that one nearest Lauffen being retired more backward than the other, there is ample room for a portion of the current to cross over and leaping down to wrestle with the principal mass of the fall. One of the crags too seems to have been bored through, and hollowed out; serving as a muzzle to a part of the torrent that bursts out of it like a cannon ball.

So that there are several smaller members of the cataract, besides the three main ones; all together putting you in mind of Virgil's *Æolic*

cavern, through the crevices of which, and doors, the winds rush in every direction :

“ Qua via data—ruunt.”

There is an ample reservoir formed, of old, by nature, for the waters after their descent ; for they came down with such impetuosity, as to be unable to stop themselves in time to wheel off to the left along the channel of the river. Instead of this, they were carried straight forwards, a great way, as far as a rock on which a castle stands, where they divided in two : part went off to the left and pursued its course ; the other part was turned off to the right in the form of a great horizontal wheel, which even now continues, and will for ever continue, slowly, but irresistibly, turned round by the column of water that darts for ever from the fall. Let no one however tempt this either by rowing or by swimming ; for, as it is ever losing itself down the main channel in proportion as it is fresh supplied ; it must, in doing so, first be drawn once under the fall ; whose force would be feebly mimicked by many pile-engines, and the shock of which jars the waves exceedingly ; so that they rise up and beat against the shores like the tide of the sea coming in, whose lather and whose briny smell they have likewise. The eye loiters with no small fondness and fa-

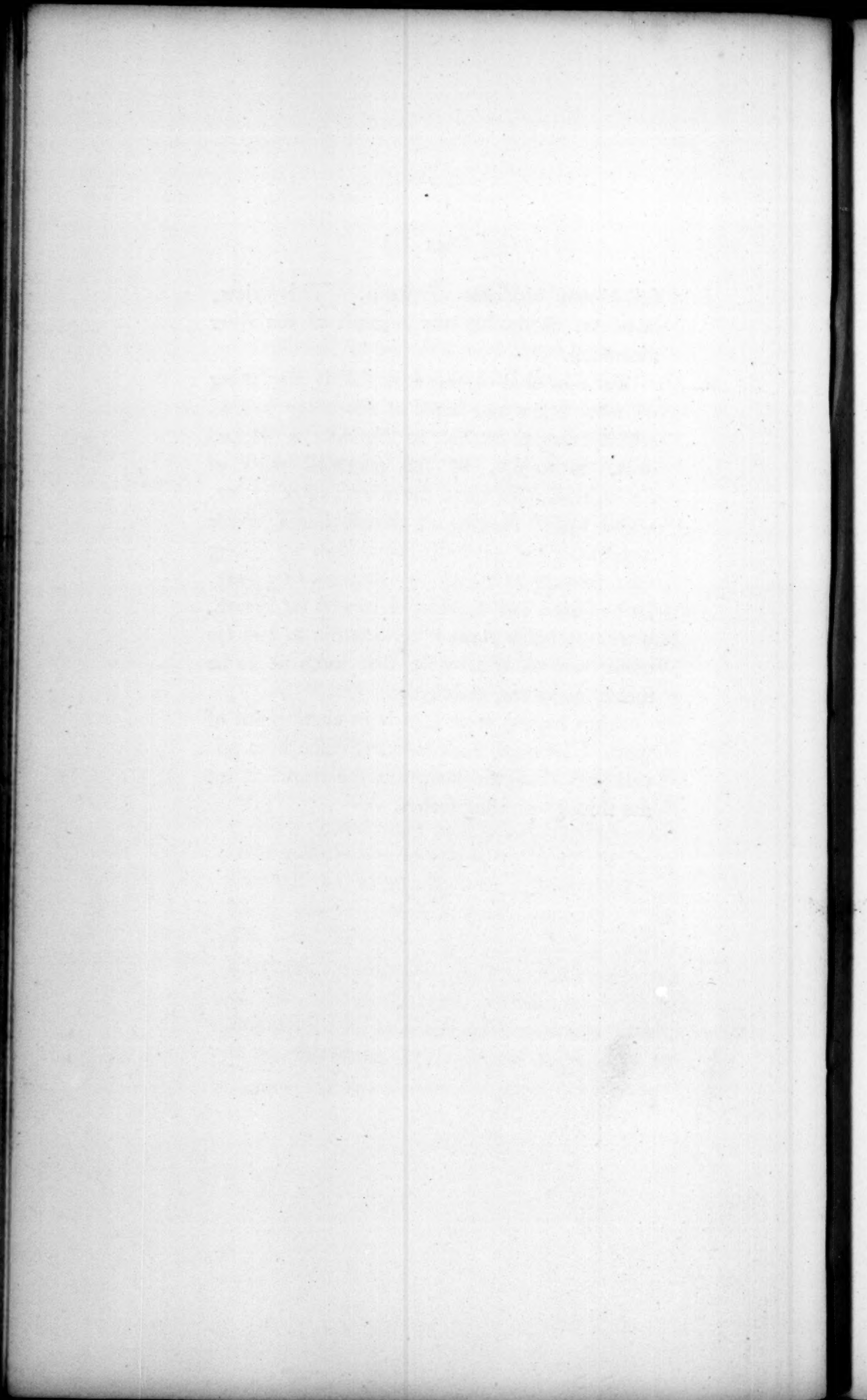
tisfaction on the fresh and sparkling sea-green that shuffles itself beneath the foam and smoke, that almost smother it ; as well as on the globes and pyramids of mist, spun off perpetually from all the smaller members. In some parts the water bubbles and springs up like so many jets—from the smaller members I mean ; the main one being fated to continue always an impenetrable gloom. The paintings that we commonly see, do not express all this ; and still less the colours, whose delicacy and brightness, to say nothing of their mobility, surpass any pencil. The artist ordinarily confuses them together ; as if from incapacity and despair he had flung a sponge upon the paper, so clumsily is it done !

I then crossed over to the Lauffen bank, and had to buffet my way through a labyrinth of currents. The castle is on the summit which is lofty, where also is a small pavilion—the latter appears to you below, to be of the shape and size of a ship-lantern. From this you have, what is called, a bird's-eye view of the fall ; you see it after its descent sliding swiftly forwards, brushing at the same time the edges of this whirlpool, and over-topping it : it swims, it rolls over it a long-continued bough, finely disturbing the sea-green deeps with its

full-blown blossoms of foam. This view, however, diminishes the breadth of the river too much.

But how shall I report distinctly any thing of what I saw and heard at the lodge below, which being at the foot of this hill, is flapped over, so to say, by the principal mass of the cataract: for there the waters came by me, a very blast! flinging off eternal clouds, whose impetuosity not yet lost, bears them up a long time forward in the air in a deep-moving body. I was seized with a panic, I panted for breath, while the lodge rocked vehemently to and fro under me, as if it were that moment to be sucked away and absorbed.

After having thus seen it in every point of view, I returned back to Schaffousen by a private path along the margin of the river: it led me through pleasing scenes.



CHAP. II.

THE best approach to the Gemmi is by the precipices called the galleries ; in going up to which, you have one of the finest views in all Switzerland. Among other objects, I recollect that the base of the Valois seemed indeed, as Ramond* says, a lake ; but with innumerable islands and peninsulas in it. Far below our feet, vineyards to the bank of the Rhone—Rich grove of firs that descend from the opposite side, and wade across the whole valley. Those mounds so frequently thrown up in the centre, seem very often the work of art ; interesting ruins generally scattered upon them. Wastes of sand, and not apparent, but real islands formed by the Rhone ; so many monuments of the hurry and vehemence of that lawless river. The villages at a distance on the

* Ramond is the author that has translated Mr. Cox's tour into the French language. He has subjoined to his translation, several interesting pieces of his own ; all of them remarkable for their style ; and the greater number for the information they contain, as well as for the amusing details.

platform of the mountains resembled clusters of dark-brown seeds. Behind, around, and almost incumbent over me, the Gemmi expanded his two pinions, quilled with firs.

It is from the Leuckerbach that you set off in order to go up the celebrated pass of the Gemmi. There may be (as there are) much loftier rocks than these ; but none that make so great an impression on the eye. Their shape too is strange, and terrible : They resemble a glacier reared upright. I had expected that our road would have been simply like a ladder, having always, as at the galleries above mentioned, the precipice at our right hand cut perpendicularly as a steeple, along the brink of which we were to writhe ourselves. But the road surges up and down the precipices themselves. It weaves itself up like a worm to the right and to the left alternately : At no time can you divine where it will conduct you for the next five minutes : it pauses several times, visiting every nook, and trying whether it may be firm enough to support its weight ; if it goes straight forwards for a minute or two together, it is sure to be stopped short by the precipice, and is then obliged to return back nearly as it came : it was in vain to attempt with the eye to anticipate the path, a part of it being often held out immediately above our heads like a balcony : and wherever

you had a perpendicular view of the heights above, the long succession of rocks jutting out above rocks bewildered the eye like endless volumes of clouds. And indeed one is, at first, very much at a loss to know how this marvellous road has been constructed.

Snow happened to fall one of the times that I went up over this pass; and the hollows between and underneath the various precipices, were smoothed up by a thick fog. A remarkably loud echo is here. The prominent parts of the rocks were often drifted with earth and verdure, on which a few sheep were grazing—Numberless herbs and wild larkspurs—Stumps of trees that have been left by the wood-cutters, might serve to arrest a mule or any unfortunate person in his fall; which at first I concluded to be the reason of it; the fact is, however, that this is the custom over Switzerland and Germany. This error made me of a sudden wonder that the narrow reasonings of this or that man in the assignment of final causes, whether on the good-natured side, or the reverse, should ever have brought them for a moment into disrepute.

The summit of the Gemmi is a spacious desert commanded by tall mountains of various shape, crested with glaciers. Poles are placed at certain distances to mark the way; these

necessary, not only on account of the falls of
 snow, but of the stones that are rained down
 by the surrounding glaciers, and which are often
 thrown over the path so as completely to bury
 it. I had never seen a more lurid place, and
 when I lifted up my eyes for relief to the sky,
 I found no blue. It was that sort of sky
 which, in England, nature flings over our heads
 for many a long summer; that leaden cope, the
 cause perhaps of the lunacies so fatal among
 us. At Leuckerbach I had seen the bodies of
 fourteen wolves that had been killed in this de-
 sert. The howling of wolves, together with
 the sliding thunder of glaciers, are the only
 sounds ever heard by the passenger. There
 is a lake here, surrounded by rocks, that crowd
 around it in the form of a crater; itself is said
 to be unfathomable. Not a blade of grass ever
 rose on its banks; no sportive fish ever shook
 its stream. During winter when the ice is suf-
 ficiently durable, the road passes over the mid-
 dle of this lake; poles are accordingly placed
 there for the usual purpose of marking the way.
 The first time that I ever passed the Gemmi,
 which was early in the spring, we had begun
 to go over it, for there was a crust of snow re-
 maining; but we had not made many steps
 when the guide observed of a sudden, that only
 one pole remained upright; the reason of which

was, that the persons (whose office it is) having neglected to remove the poles just before the season was passed, none now dared approach it.

Some way beyond this lake (which is a league in length) there is a hovel, where, however, you may get wine, and good bread, with the milk, cheese, and whey of goats, as well as a stable and hay for your horse.

The stony desert extends far beyond this hovel. At last, however, you arrive at a small plain tolerably verdant—great numbers as well as infinite varieties of herbs, flowers, and mosses. Farther on, a spot of grass, lively enough, and sprinkled over with wild flowers; the drops in some parts thickly crowded, slopped, as it were, by the hand of nature in some relenting mood. The mosses that cushioned the heaps of stones were red, yellow, &c. But what I saw afterwards on the summit of the Simplon, upon my going into Italy, was strange and romantic. There the moss was precisely of the colour of vermillion and orange. And in those parts where the masses of rocks were more thinly clad, it was with a very minute moss exactly like verdigrease, so that they resembled immense blocks of copper. This scene brought to my mind, the effect that a country has upon the imagination when viewed through glass of certain colours—though the only change on the

objects is as to the colour, you seem to be transported of a sudden into a new planet.

The glaciers have at different times done incredible havoc; of which the crosses you see stuck up here and there are the dismal monuments. At this spot they stand bullying in the most formidable manner; no engineer could point better than they do at this scanty pittance, the only morsel yet spared. The descent on the other side, into the canton of Berne, is exceedingly rough and tedious; it conducts you into the magnificent valley of Kandersteig.

This forms the chief avenue to the glaciers. —We are filled with no small wonder at seeing a body of frozen snows coming down the channel between two mountains into a fertile, rich valley, and there existing many degrees below the point where snow never melts: indeed glorying in the resplendent and gorgeous robe of heat, flung over them by a July sun. A strange companion this, truly, for flowers and strawberries: such however is the company they are often seen in. —Whatever may have been the origin of these snows, their continual augmentation at present, may be accounted for simply by their union. The larger their mass, the more intensely does the common cold glow, if I may use the expression. Thus a forest, when it has become thick to a certain

degree, increases in the same proportion that another thin and spare to an equal degree diminishes ; though not a single tree more be planted in the one, nor cut down in the other.

— It cannot be pretended that the thaws during the hot season, can balance the accession of new force acquired by these snows, whatever be the season.

— Many are of opinion that the glaciers were formed at the creation of the world. They seem, however, to be only a collection of so many winter coats, that the upper parts (called the horns or peaks) of these mountains deposit from time to time ; marks of which are plainly to be seen in the channel along which they pass ; and which as they have been borne down in a body, they have cut and ground like locked wheels.* They suddenly form to themselves a great pit, the depth of which it is impossible to discover. Their surface at the upper parts resembles that of those rocks that lie on the sea shore, when wrinkled and jagged by the action of the waves. The lower parts towards, and at the extremity, are a smooth heapy bed, not any wise gashed, but fluted in-

* Formerly there was an ample road from Grindelwald to Brig, in the Valois, but now long since wedged up by glaciers.

deed during the great heats with numberless rills, which being spun into diminutive cascades and threads of water, cause, together with the sources that leap up in fountains, a perpetual murmur and gurgling. These again being reunited, are wound off into the small river that stretches along the valley below.

Sometimes a body of snow is undermined by the heat, and rolls downward; this is called an avalanche. Of the two kinds, that which is called the massive avalanche is the most destructive possible; drawing after it a part of the mountain, it often crushes a train of twenty or thirty mules that are accidentally passing with their burdens—and has it never upon occasion, wedged up the mouth of a valley? the sources and rivers of which thus denied an outlet, or finding only, after some interval, a subterraneous one, rise into lakes. The other is called the avalanche of spray; it is perfectly innocent, and not only so, but picturesque and sonorous. You see a bank of snow give way, then crumbling to pieces, cascade itself down a long pent, and smoking to all appearance. Its report, however, puts you in mind of nothing less than the loosening and drawing back of iron bolts and bars, together with the clanking of chains:

“ With impetuous recoil
 “ And jarring sound, grating harsh thunder.”

From the inn of Grindelwald you see three glaciers, that from their situation are called the superior, the second, and the third. I scrambled up the Wetterhorn to a great height, in order to look down upon the first of these, as vertically as possible. In doing so, I had occasion to see clearly how very much the eye is apt in these regions to diminish the apparent distance, height, and size of every object.—This deception is greater across a lake; on the other hand, sound is as much increased.—The sun was extremely hot, and darted down vertically his rays upon that particular glacier under my feet. I waited for an hour in hopes of some discharge, but it remained perfectly tranquil.

The valley of Grindelwald was poured in prospect around me; its spacious concave divided into three parts by the three glacier rivers. It appeared like a profound lake drained of its waters; the bottom indeed perfectly green, with numberless cottages scattered over it like so many shells. The elder Sheidec had retired a little behind, on my right hand; its green tunic flashed by a fine cascade, the Millibach.

The second glacier, though not so spacious, so purely white, nor rolling so heapy a bed at its feet; is, however, for its variety of figure, its accessibility, and hideous barathra, far more interesting. Its surface at the upper parts is

gashed and rent lengthwise and obliquely : ground over which a plough has lately passed in a slovenly manner, and viewed through a magnifying glass, would have the same appearance in every respect, but that of colour. In some parts, this icy glebe lay only sidelong ; but in others, its sharp edges rose up, moulding themselves into a thousand grotesque and fantastic shapes. Every half minute I heard intermitting noises, as of the harsh grating of wagon wheels—or of the loosening and sinking of a ruin—or of a carriage going fullenly over a vault.

At other times I heard a noise exactly like the report of a postillion's whip ; this caused, I fancy, by sudden cracks in the ice, disclosing those deep gaps above mentioned.

These frozen snows were of four different colours, according to the degree of light and sunshine that were upon them. At first, when there was least light, they were of a gray-white ; at midday, of a sky-blue, extremely brilliant ; at about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, they became of a pale bright sea-green, losing itself towards the edges with the softest gradation in white : in the deepest part of their crevices is lodged always a dark-prussian blue. However this glacier was much discoloured by vast quantities of black sand and stones : with such ha-

voc, had the avalanches of the Fietcherhorn rode over it.

The higher you rise, the more glaciers appear ; this being but one of the flood-gates that let them down from the reservoir or sea of glaciers lodged amidst the horns. What, for want of reflection, one does not expect, the farther you go off from the Shriekhorn, the loftier and more ample does it appear.—Some of its fissures which have been formerly visible even on a map, were almost smoothed up by glaciers. On this side, its summit is certainly inaccessible ; not only on account of the trenches, cheveux-de-frizes, &c. of the glacier, but of its long, rapidly-shelving figure.

“ Mount Blanc,” says Ramond, “ is more
 “ vast ; he scatters around him a deluge of
 “ frozen snows ; nothing but ruins in the
 “ valleys around him. The Shriekhorn, of
 “ smaller volume and rather less elevation,
 “ but incomparably more sharply pointed, is
 “ fortified by smaller branches indeed of
 “ glaciers ; however he is still more inacces-
 “ sible than even his rival : the precipices that
 “ rive his avenues are more profound ; his
 “ frozen snows are more shattered ; and his
 “ declivity is such, that even snow itself can-
 “ not rest upon it. Like Mount Blanc he is
 “ the point of reunion to those veins of chryf-

“ tal, whose branches follow the branches of
 “ the glaciers so faithfully, that one cannot
 “ help remarking their sympathy. Like Mount
 “ Blanc he is the rendezvous of clouds, and
 “ the dispenser of rivers.—But in this last res-
 “ pect, he has perhaps a superiority ; the most
 “ considerable rivers rising up out of his do-
 “ mains. And the lord of the Greek and
 “ Pennine Alps cannot dispute against him a
 “ part of the Po, the Rhone, and the entire
 “ Rhine.”

As there is some danger in these visits, we
 may ludicrously consider them as being equi-
 valent to standing fire in battle ; for they
 explode often, and sometimes commit the most
 fatal mischief. But seriously, the same prin-
 ciple that, for want of a better ! encourages the
 common men of many an army in the day of
 battle, makes every one of the numbers that
 resort here, hope that himself at least may be
 too fortunate to be their victim. However
 some time or other the forfeit must be paid for
 the curiosity of so many. The same is the
 case in several highways of Switzerland, and
 such is the only toll imposed upon them.

Nothing remarkable from Grindelwald to
 Lauterbrun, for which place, I set off at three
 in the morning by moonlight. At this place
 is the cascade of Stoltbach. It is said to be

nine hundred feet in length, this single fall. Half way down the rock bends inwardly, seeming to have been twisted awry. We saw several stocks of trees and large stones that it had hurled down in the season of the floods; these had battered a hole in the ground, throwing up the earth around it in a mound. And yet in its ordinary state it is so feeble and slight, that it is whipped off by the least wind out of its line of direction; so that when dried by its rainbow, it might (whilom) recall to your mind the pennant at a man of war's main-top-gallant-mast-head. During violent rains it becomes black, and seems to be sifting down so much foot.

Another time I left Grindelwald for Meyringen, chief town of the Oberhasley, six hours distant. I set off at nine in the morning, and at parting, a glacier gave me a salute. — The Wetterhorn, (a prodigiously fine rock) entangled in a chain of clouds. It forms a broad and lofty pyramidal wall; or rather a succession of several walls, each retiring back a little before it begins to rise. To compare great things to small, the Eigerhorn is of the shape of a gun-flint, standing on its broadest edge. It is in passing over this great Scheidec, that you see the whole zig-zag of the Grindelwald glaciers; and as for the Shriekhorn, as I said before, the

higher you ascend in a retreating direction, the more imminent do its steep become.

In the way to the Oberhasley, you pass by the Wellhorn, whose prowling glaciers stoop far down into the hollow, and reach at you; for the top of the Sheidec is but a vale to the adjacent heights.

After a considerable time, we arrived at the first fall of the Reichembach. It bursts forth in froth from a chink in the rock; before it gets near the bottom, a part of it meeting with a shock, whirs off in a smaller cascade. In one place we had some difficulty in finding our road, which had been crushed by a heap rent not long ago from a neighbouring bank.

It is over this country that the læmmergeyer ranges, the eagle of the Alps. He measures fifteen or sixteen feet from tip to tip of his wings outstretched; and his ferocity is said to equal his strength and stature. “King of the air,” says Ramond, “he requires, like other kings, “an extensive territory to subsist in; it is “rare that the same region ever sees two of “them together. They would starve each “other in a country capable of maintaining a “vast multitude of their subjects.”

He adds “it is chiefly against the chamois “that we must see him exert his whole force “and address. The chamois has that agi-

“ lity upon ground, that the læmmergeyer has
 “ in air. He sports upon the very brink of pre-
 “ cipices ; he flies over distances to the extre-
 “ mity of which it would seem, that wings only
 “ should transport him ; he gains summits so
 “ steep, that their surface does not afford room
 “ for the foot of any other creature to rest on ;
 “ he precipitates himself from the top of the
 “ loftiest rocks without fear of breaking the
 “ springs of steel on which he moves. Con-
 “ siderable strength must be inseparable from
 “ such agility ; and the chamois is a prey by
 “ no means unworthy this most terrible of
 “ birds,” &c.

* * *

I determined the next day to cross over, from
 Meyringen, the mountains of Brunig, in order
 to go up Mount Engel, and to see the convent
 of that name. The whole ascent was beset
 with woods, and the path flunk underneath
 them. We saw to great advantage across the
 valley (the base of which is a small narrow plain
 traversed by the river Aar, in his way to the
 lakes of Brientz and Thun) the opposite banks
 out of which the Reichenbach springs. The
 cascades, which to those who are going along the
 Oberhasley, seem unconnected, now proved to

be many of them successive falls of the same.—The stems and branches of the trees that infolded our road, cutting out that scene into several compartments, and exhibiting them one by one sliding from left to right, shewed clearly to me, the advantage any picture has by being confined in a frame ; every scene might by itself have formed a complete picture : flocks—fragments of the river—cascades tossed in the air, the bright emanations of so many glaciers—pastures and meads ; or all these objects composed together with endless variety.

At other times I could distinguish below my feet, nothing but deeps of foliage ; the sunbeams here and there diffused with gradual liveliness, helping the illusion of transparency : and as the sprigs moved up and down with no small elasticity, you could be almost tempted to plunge down into them, with as much confidence of being buoyed up, as in a fluid.

Some time after we had attained the summits, and had begun to descend, we found ourselves in thy paradise, Oh ! Unterwald. Three quarters of an hour after, the horizon, as in an interrupted vision, shrunk back to my very feet ; and perpendicularly down fell the view upon the valley of Lungern and its lake. We then descended rapidly into a wood of pine, having a wall of rock on our right hand, that

grew uninterruptedly upwards for twenty minutes, until it became really colossal. (At the bottom, the thin tapering columns of the pines rearing over us a sort of sylvan cathedral, made me reflect that the massive buildings in Spain and the east, have at least the relative beauty of utility to recommend them: For what are they but artificial grotts and caverns, to exclude the intolerable heats?)—In the course of a fine day, the canton of Unterwald presented to my eye every object that can be conceived or imagined in the whole compass of gardening. It recalled to my mind all that can be met with in nature, in poetry, or in dreams. But, what every now and then blighted these scenes, was, to find much misery, though a more fertile country I had not yet seen!

Having slept at Sarnen, I got up the next morning early to continue my journey notwithstanding the rain.—Nothing remarkable on the road. There was indeed one fine rocky mountain that rose up spirally, as you have seen represented the tower of Babel; short firs emulating its spires like so many balustrades. The valley is divided after some time by the bank on the right hand advancing towards that on the left so as almost to join it, were it not for the river at their feet; near this spot there is

a fine cascade, the only one I believe in the whole valley. The road now begins to rise more sensibly, and the valley too ; so that, as it very frequently happens upon arriving at the summits, I found no precipice. It was the mountain on the left hand that we were ascending ; it was walled and roofed in a manner by a continued grove, that shed over us a finely-tempered light and shade : and as the branches hung over one another obliquely with apertures, they kept off the rain (and the sun if there had been any) leaving an opening, so that we might see every object below and around us. The shape and contour of the more aged firs made me often imagine myself within a continuation of Chinese pagodas ; their successive ranks of roofs shelving one over another. This may be said of those firs that are aged ; but when young, they have a more sprightly form. I have often seen them with birds perched here and there upon them ; squirrels at the same time sporting up their trunks, or pendent in loops at the tip of their branches ; so that it required but little imagination to make out of them an arabesque.—The rain continuing all day deprived me of the principal pleasure I had promised myself from this pilgrimage, though from time to time the cuckoo not a little soothed my impatience. As

I stopped more than once for refreshment, I forget how many hours it took to arrive at the summit. However we continued ascending very obliquely forwards for the greater part of the day ; and after much toil were suddenly greeted by the small rich valley of Engelberg close below to receive us, with the village and convent towards its farther end. It is held up at this prodigious height in the air by the mountain we had ascended together with some others ; among that number the Titlisberg, whose head lies retired behind the convent on your right hand as you advance towards the latter.

Those who have seen convents may judge of my disappointment. I expected to have lived a day in the sixth century. What pleasure, therefore I had, not being romantic, was but moderate ; and the information I got but imperfect, being ignorant of their language. It is true the monkish character is no longer a secret to the world ; however it was so, at that time, to me. And though it may be said, that the appearances presented to a stranger's observation cannot be very important since they are mere appearances, and those also adapted so as to give him the most favorable impression of things ; yet even these, as they declare at least what persons choose to be taken for, may

serve as a sort of data (upon a given profession) to discover what they are.

I returned by the way I had come to Stanstadt, a little village port on the right arm of the lake of Lucerne, the rain still continuing, (this vexed me exceedingly.) You go over this part of the lake in order to get to Lucerne. Such is the beauty of this part, that the bad weather absolutely could not spoil it. In spite of it I was charmed. I passed two entire days (that proved divine,) one to coast its arms, another its trunk. Here follows an imperfect and mutilated description of it.

Upon coming out of Lucerne, you are immediately in a great bay formed by the head of the lake. On the left-hand bank there is a ruined tower seated upon a rock, gracefully attired with trees. Variety and beauty of this bank, as well as of the opposite; both being however of nearly equal elevation, which is moderate; but the former shines with more glory, on account of its amphitheatrical figure. It is set in a fine frame of rock, covered with rich soil and trees; decorated at the same time with villas, you will observe, and not cottages: for these you have on the right-hand bank; and it is a law from which this lake never deviates, that no two objects shall be alike. After this come in review natural

piers of rocks, jutting out from the left bank to disappoint the rudeness of the waves ; whereas on the right-hand there is but one, and that so overheaped with trees, that they seem tumbling off its back into the water. The unequal outline of this last bank, springing alternately up and down, resembled the flight of a swallow in two or three bounds ; now describing a wide low elliptic arch—then taking a sweep or stoop returned upwards ; and at last gradually skimming down until it alights upon the promontory's extremity and settles there.

This is contrasted, as you advance farther, by mountains that descend from their proud career in the air less gradually.—Some of them drop plumb down.

You enter now into a second bay, formed by the right arm of the lake.

I observed in the moulding of the mountains, the shores, a thousand caprices and fancies. Sometimes they recline sidelong, too voluptuous to stand erect ; and thus stretch along the edge of the water like huge lop-sided vessels. At other times you imagine that you see one sliding out to view from behind the rest, launch itself rapidly and far into the middle of the bay ; follow the beautiful promontories, floating like rafts chained to one another.

—I observed the woods lounging like herds or flocks up and down the hills ; sometimes on their summit ; or here and there variously on their sides. Some descending to the very brink of the water, and even dipping into it, as it were, to try its temperature.—Others entering it, at once till it reached their waist.—Single trees strayed from the rest, and couched listlessly.

On the mountain behind Stanstadt, you see rocks, woods, and whole pastures with their herds, flocks, and rivers hoisted up to a vast height in the air. This explained to me the fable of the Titans.

This second bay contains a third within it, of which Stanstadt has the key. Busy motion at the entrance of mountain before mountain, shifting like scenes. Immediately that you have entered into this third bay, you see at your right hand innumerable hords of trees that stand in array, head above head, the phalanx making a broad pyramid, whose upper third however is cut off horizontally.

It was amusing, and indeed curious, to observe the gamesomeness of the shores, whenever we made towards some new bay ; or, proceeding along the main channel, arrived at those parts where it takes a sudden turn ; as it does many times in the course of its mæanderings.

You see imaginary bounds, and you stretch after them as fast as you can ; while they, at first, stop and wait for you. But for a long time are you beguiled by beautiful downs of water receding before you, till, at last, just as you think yourself sure of touching the enchanted shore, the rocks on either side, unlocking themselves, open wide ; and, as soon as they have let you into a new lake ! close behind you again.

In this manner is the traveller seduced from one end of the lake to the other, along a chain of lakes, so to say. The whole time a drama is acting upon a stage, divided into so many successive acts.*

—The banks of some lakes are too bashful ; no one dares advance itself out before the rest, to meet the eye of the spectator. (Each waits seemingly determined not to be the first to break silence.) But those of Lucerne exhibit all their charms, and this with the most becoming ostentation. Fond of being admired,

* In another respect too, it may be entitled a drama ; and the story of it is the vindication of freedom. In one place you are shewn the spot where the three fatal peasants took the oath.—There William Tell leaped out of the boat in the midst of a furious tempest, and more than warned the tyrant of his approaching doom.—Here he slew him !

and too conscious of their merit to dread criticism, they vary themselves into a thousand graceful attitudes and postures: animated, frank, and assured, they display every feature, even the most ordinary, of their character.

In some lakes, such as the Brientz, the Wallenstadt, the mountains crowd together around the shores, and with the mighty sweep of their curtains exclude all hope of the objects beyond them. Here fine vistas, formed by the mountains standing wide asunder (the obedient low shore lying flat the while) thus affording the eye a pass to other mountains and valleys at a distance, under other skies.

And then, how bewitchingly are the correspondent members of this lake contrasted! Suppose, for instance, that you stand in the spot that is mid-way between the two arms. Turn your face now towards the right arm; there Mount Pilate, that stands opposite you, is at first a gradual ascent, sinking into a concave uncommonly fertile. Its peak is naked rock; or if cloathed, it is either with snow, or with clouds (hence its name;) and it is commonly thought inaccessible. At the same time drawing with no small majesty around all that shore its limbs, over which, long stony robes fall in large, loose, flowing folds down to its very feet underneath the water.—In its lap it holds

the freshest verdure. — Then turning your face opposite the left arm—there stands Mount Righi, not directly opposite you, but more towards your right hand ; forming the whole left shore of the lake's trunk (as far as Lowerz) and of its left arm the whole right shore, all in one vast angle : and differing from Mount Pilate in every respect. It rises in the form of a pyramid ; it rears a small smooth summit ; and its sides are so aslant, that often the plodding cow finds herself strangely at the very top. Its soil is neither rocky nor verdant, but flaty ; scanty firs here and there having terraces, or seeming to have them, as is frequent on the Swiss mountains, with this singularity : that as two mountains are pitched on that corner of its base that stands on your right hand, under their accumulated pressure, it has sunk prodigiously ; so that its terraces run in a downward direction, steeply and rapidly into the water.

I now entered the left arm of the lake ; this is the fourth bay. At the entrance there is an oblong rock, that having of yore gathered together some gravel and soil, has formed out of them a small island. In process of time, verdure and trees have settled upon it. Here stands an obelisk, consecrated to those who founded the Swiss independence. Near

it are two or three other rocks, much smaller, that thrust themselves barely up above the surface of the water ; one of which, surmounted by a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is grotesque enough. In exploring this wizard lake, you often see these little chapels perched on different spots.—Ruins of Hapsburg castle on the left bank, which, upon the whole, recalls to you strongly the Evian bank of the Geneva lake, but short of its mountains !

After what I have already said, it would be difficult for me to describe any more of this lovely lake without falling into repetitions. It is sufficient to add, that after having in the above compass presented me with what is, in its kind, without example, and beyond imitation ; it exhibited successively, as I proceeded along its trunk to the extremity at Fluelen, a handsome resemblance of several other lakes : such as the Thun and the Zug ; but above all, of the Wallenstadt. These resemblances give ideas of improvement upon those lakes. And it were to be wished, that in this respect, art would catch a hint from nature ; and thus attain the most sensible, the noblest, and the only lawful kind of criticism.

We disembarked at Fluelen, and proceeded

directly to Altorff, a short league distant, where we slept.

Set off from Altorff, June the fourth, at six o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a foggy rain, which continued all day. Our journey lay to Urseren, up along the valley of Schœllenen, by the banks of the river Reufs.

For the first hour or two the valley resembled strongly the Oberhasley, but bereaved of its cascades. For the next hour and a half, it recalled incessantly to my mind the rising part of that which leads to Engelberg: with this difference, that the road to-day did not burrow itself up through a wood as it does in that place; and that the banks of the valley here were considerably steeper, as well as its base broader, entirely occupied by the river. Upon stopping several times to rest, and upon looking back upon the road along which we had been passing, I observed the most distant mountains swelling up until they reached a tract of clouds, in which they were lost for some time. My eye traversing that tract, and mounting still higher up, I saw springing high above it, until they arrived at another tract (a second story, so to say, of the heavens) the same mountains: and oh! for the stature to have been able to survey the long-extended shadows,

that they projected over those uppermost wastes of clouds.

We had now entered some way into Uri's rocky world. Until to-day my idea of the Alps had been imperfect. What I had hitherto seen, might for the greater part be seen, perhaps, in other countries. But the scenes of this day were peculiar ; and were 'a true specimen of what is called an Alpine landscape. Ghastly precipices, above which shivering half-starved firs were clinging to the stark rocks; an echoing wilderness, with, however, here and there a handful of verdure, inaccessible to any animal that has not wings, unless a chamois.— Every half hour the rocks became more squalid and abrupt : vegetation flunk away until it had entirely deserted us ; the rain not in the least abating, nor the fog.

I was struck with admiration at the spirited emulation and boldness of so many mountains, that soared far above the groves of firs, which rose up, and scaled (like so many military tortoises) the banks underneath them.

From time to time, they have rolled down enormous ruins of stone, which lie scattered variously up and down the valley. They might be compared to so many volcanoes, flinging off heaps of stones—over-running the valley with a lava of rocks, which suffocating the

river, snap short, and blast the greater part of the once-luxuriant woods that grow on their banks.—Fine, headlong, lumbering cataracts. Nor was it easy to hear any person speaking to you, as well from the jarring and hubbub of the cataracts, as from the river making a barking cry among the masses that obstructed its course. And yet it was at a considerable depth below.

We arrived at what is called the Dæmon's bridge, after a toilsome march, perpetually ascending the whole way ; we arrived at it, as I thought, late in the evening, situated as it is, at the farthest extremity of the valley, in the very profoundest and most abrupt part of it. This part of the valley seems to have been formed by the two highest mountains of entire granite, being suddenly torn asunder. By the force of the separation, that one on the left hand has lost its balance, and lies strown supinely, covering a length of territory. The other on your right hand, remains upright ; however, with its top somewhat inclined over its base, and unintelligently lousing down upon it :

Monstrum — — — cui lumen ademptum est !

The interval at their feet, (no matter how broad or deep below the road,) is instantly filled

up by the river's drift. The bridge does not vault over it at once like other bridges. But it begins by pitching itself far up that wall above mentioned, on the right hand, along which it creeps, as it were, up and down, taking short bounds, and seeking for a resting place, upon which, having a sure footing, it may take its spring: Finding after some time a very scanty one, it ventures upon this rash leap to a point on the opposite rock still loftier; above which, it climbs some way with the greatest dispatch: were it to stop too soon, it might relapse into the abyss. In doing this, its back is so aslant, that stones are placed transversely like the spokes of a ladder to assist you in mounting.

Immediately after, we find ourselves in total darkness, for the space of sixty, if not eighty paces. A gelid humour crept down upon our heads at the same moment. By the time we were restored to the light! the day had run back, it being afternoon only. In the midst of a small verdant plain, surrounded by humble green hills, was the river Reufs, gliding along with a mildness—that you would believe it incapable of that fury and vehemence we had but just witnessed, and which had astonished us for the greater part of a day. Straight before us, at a quarter of an hour's

distance, lay Urseren ; and at the distance of three quarters of an hour, the village Hôpital, with an old ruined castle above it : Between these, lay the summit of the St. Gothard.

* * *

The mountain of the St. Gothard, being a country of itself, elevated to an extraordinary height, and the smallest of its parts entirely filling up the eye ; you have no object of comparison, by which to estimate its size : hence it makes not that impression upon a traveller that is expected. It requires reflection here, to have cause of wonder ; on the eye of a natural philosopher, on the other hand, it makes no small sensation. Thus when we read of the Schriekhorn rising two miles and a half, and of Mount Blanc rising three miles in perpendicular height above the surface of the ocean, one expects a precipice of that height, which would be really stupendous. But before we arrive at the place, we have already, without perceiving it, ascended these mountains upwards of their half. You may be said to have begun the ascent, the instant that you plant your foot on Switzerland, off the plains of France, Germany, or Italy. I never thought so little of the Shriekhorn as when nearest its top. Indeed this is

the case with all real transcendent grandeur of every kind.

The road over the summit of the St. Gothard, is a paved causeway ; and enjoys no view whatever, but of the mountains on the right, and on the left hand. These are but of moderate elevation, and are exceedingly monotonous.—Not a single tree to be seen.—The ascent before you arrive at the regions of snow, exactly resembles the wild parts of Scotland, which it recalled strongly to my mind. The day was remarkably fine ;—and the black crags that stood out naked above the snow, (which was of the most brilliant whiteness,) made the scene resemble a new map, stained with continents and numberless islands.—The snow becomes hard as pavement when trodden. The river Reufs came boisterously down the mountain, in several long bounds. In many places it was covered with snow, a fathom or more in thickness, and which it had undermined and arched out, forming thus for its course long subterraneous caverns. I threw the heaviest stones that I could lift down upon these arches, but with little or no impression.

There are on the summit several small lakes, the respective sources of the Reufs, and Tefin. As they were smoothed over with snow, I passed over them without knowing it

at the time. On one side, at a day's distance, is the source of the Rhine ; and on the other, at the same distance, of the Rhone.

“ The summit of the St. Gothard,” says Ramond, “ is a platform of bare granite, girt
 “ round by a few rocks of moderate elevation, very irregular in their figure, and
 “ which shutting up the eye on all sides, confine it to the most frightful of solitudes.
 “ Three puny lakes, and the melancholy hut of the capuchins, are the only objects
 “ that break the uniformity of this desert, where not the slightest trace of vegetation
 “ is to be found. It must be a circumstance altogether new and surprising to a person
 “ who had never before quitted the plains, to observe the deep silence that reigns over
 “ this platform ; the least murmur is not to be heard ; the wind in traversing the skies
 “ never meets a leaf here, whose rustling might betray its passage ; indeed, when it becomes
 “ high, it sighs against the points of the rocks in a most lugubrious manner. It would be
 “ to no purpose to climb up those summits around this desert that are accessible—you
 “ might, indeed, hope to transport the eye to a habitable climate, but you would find nothing but a chaos of rocks and torrents underneath you—you would distinguish from

“ afar parched and barren points covered with
 “ snows, and piercing up through the cloud
 “ that floats over, covering them with a veil
 “ very often impenetrable to the eye—nothing
 “ of what exists beyond would reach your
 “ sight, except a dimly-dark blue sky, which
 “ swinging far below the horizon, would
 “ bound the picture on all sides, and seem
 “ an immense sea surrounding this heap of
 “ mountains.”

—The valley of Urseren is but a furrow
 on the St. Gothard, of about two or three
 leagues in length. One of the horns of the
 river Reuss curves through the midst of it.
 This valley is the point of reunion to five great
 outlets: one to Altorff; another to the Gri-
 sons; a third from the Grimsel; a fourth from
 the Valois; and the last from Italy.

At six o'clock in the morning I left Realp
 to go down into the Valois, by the passage of
 the Forks. At first, there was a dense mist; and
 the sun, in illuminating it, shed a sickly orange
 colour over the valleys, and a certain dreamy
 indistinctness that rendered them highly pleas-
 ing to the imagination. After some time the
 mist pined away. It was succeeded by an open
 warm blue sky; while a chaplet of light silvery
 clouds remained, and basked like Cupids on the
 bosom of the mountains.

In some parts, naked rocks stood up out of their summits, exactly like teeth standing out of the gums, large double teeth with fangs.

—In a few hours you arrive at the glacier of the Rhone.

—The country that goes by the name of the Valois, is the largest valley in Switzerland. It is upwards of eighty-two miles in length, taken from the Forks to St. Maurice. Such, however, is rather its political than its natural length ; it being in fact prolonged twelve or eighteen miles farther, that is, to the lake of Geneva. This is the rich and ample inheritance of the Rhone ; here he exercises free and uncontrouled his solitary reign. For some time after his birth, he shews no peculiar character that distinguishes him from other Swiss rivers : his size, his falls, his pace, and his surrounding mansions of fir and rock, are the same. In some parts, he has within the main valley another, a smaller one, for his own use only. (The Valois has, besides, a vast number of subsidiary valleys, each of which has at least one river that serves to pamper the Rhone ; so emphatically styled by Ramond the destroyer of the vales.)—His capricious and arbitrary character—He invades and lays waste the fertile fields, only to abandon them the moment after ;—that these wide domains are his only—

that it is only by his sufferance that man has the transient possession of any part of them. After a course of ninety-four miles, (without counting his windings,) he drives with such furious onset upon the Geneva lake, that it has not time to order its amazed waters to make way ; so that there is a continual tempest at that part. Directly after, he wheels round to the left shore, where the lake is said to be more than nine hundred fathoms in depth * ; there he disappears totally. So that we may take the poetical licence of supposing, that the river, too impatient to wait, plunges at once down into the deepest part ; and after one-continued dive of five and forty miles, emerges again a short way on this side Geneva ; where, it is certain, he re-appears for the first time. At Lyons, his depth, his breadth, and his rapidity are such, that one cannot help thinking, with Addison, there must be a purpose in fixing those numerous and vast lakes on each side of the Alps. By these, such rivers as the Rhone, the Po, &c. are curbed ; which were they not, they would, when stung by the summer star, in their frenzy tear up the plains, and roll them off into the ocean.

* This is deeper than any part of the Baltic.

In the course of the Valois, you find several verdant mounds or crusts of earth, littered across the middle of it ; the burdens perhaps of a subsiding deluge. The banks often steep sandy hills without any verdure ; they have several times yielded and sunk ; so that the flaty rocks above have, in coming down, trailed after them an unwieldy ruin across your road.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the environs of Brig. It is situated at the foot of the Simplon, the longest, but the most romantic, of the passages into Italy. The fine weather induced me to stop a day there, before I passed over into that fine region ; and I strolled abroad early in the afternoon up one of the neighbouring mountains, alone, in order to enjoy an extensive view of this delicious retreat—Growth and variation of the prospect in proportion as I ascended ; this part of the valley below my feet sinking every moment, and the opposite one rising in unison ; the more distant parts at the same time distending and expanding themselves on all sides. There seemed to be a challenge between the villages and cabins, which should spring highest—serving to mark some hundred feet in a perpendicular line between each story of the mountains. The mountains every where furried over with brown fir ;—in some parts, this cloathing resembled a bear's rough-clotted

coat. But at the greatest distance they became more scanty, and dwindled in size to prickles of thorns. At any height that you ascend, you can never see beyond twelve or eighteen miles, both directions added together; this, owing to the sinuosity of the Valois in every sense, in its base as well as its sides. For if its volume is too much compressed by the mountains at one part, it dilates itself at another. — Sometimes the meadows are flat; sometimes they lie more obliquely, and are flanked by trees. Sometimes they creep up to the foot only of the mountains, and wherever they are accessible, climb them to a vast height: there with their charge of cabins and flocks, all clinging to their nutritious breasts, they repose securely.

By this time, the day had got far into the afternoon. Having now rambled over some of the most interesting parts of the Alps, I amused myself that afternoon in generalizing all that I had seen. I was far beyond the reach of noise, or interruption of any sort; and being alone, could not help figuring to myself in what terms one might give a general description to any one that has never been out of England. Accordingly, the following short rhapsody, or dream, (whatever you may choose to call it,) took possession of my mind:

Suppose our plains to be disjointed or broken in pieces by some earthquake ; then suddenly thrown together again in a heap absolutely at random. Suppose that in process of time this heap has become strown over with trees, mosses, and verdure of every sort ; as well as crumbled over with hamlets, single or in clusters : that the rivers, after several falls, have gained the natural channels, and passing in their course through several wide and deep chasms, have filled them up, composing thus so many extensive lakes. This is a rough outline of the Alps.

Accordingly, all that you have to do in travelling, is, to follow these rivers ; they will serve you as an infallible clue, and will conduct you successively upon all the lakes, amid labyrinths of the most picturesque scenery.

In those regions the traveller sees, or thinks he sees, the most strange violence done to the component parts of landscape that can possibly be imagined. Clouds sinking and grovelling on the ground, while whole plains are flung up several hundred fathoms into the air. On the topmost pinnacles of these, again, does a lake weave its ample web. Market-towns with their massive churches venturing to pitch their foundations on the verge of a precipice. Pastures, with their herds and flocks upon them, hung up

little more afloat than a map. Rivers staggering giddily along at a height, which is such, that we must call philosophy to explain how they came there: often convulsed and throttled between two rocks: often, (at the abrupt) abandoning their brittle fluid to the void, through which it passes to the bottom, where it is shattered into a cloud of fragments.

—What, if you had seen, the reverse to Pope's image of a downward sky reflected in a pool of water, an upward earth! not fictitious, but with real shrubs, (if not trees,) stooping down from it. What, if you had heard the mountains yell, and the mass that forthwith comes down along the valley! to which forests of fir are mere reeds; and houses and entire villages but cobwebs.

—The works of nature exhibiting awkward and rude imitations of the works of man; as when rocks have the semblance of castles with turreted towers: or of spires, obelisks, magic cells, alcoves: or as when stuck round with firs that rise perpendicular like so many parallel columns, order above order, the whole forming a sylvan amphitheatre.—Below our road, pines drop straight down into the deepest valleys, fathoming them like a plummet line.

Various soils crowded together; various climates suddenly succeeding each other; mixture

of seasons! Snows rising in the midst of summer, refreshed, and augmenting: and in the lap of bleakest ice, aromatic herbs and glad strawberries brightening. And sudden! the ground gives way, and a river in its full magnitude sinks after it; nor is its course to be followed but by the ear long afterward.—Late rising of the sun, and early setting of it.

Insulated spots of verdure enveloped by rocks, so many sweet kernels within their shells;—putting us in mind of those fruitful islands of Philip Quarl, sequestered far in the solitudes of the ocean, and destined to remain for ever untouched by man.

A traveller sees through the dusk a distant village, and approaches it; it plunges and disappears. Some minutes after, it emerges again out to view much farther off than before; then when he is least aware, it dives a second time.

Sometimes this country, (like our English climate) from being excessively inconstant, becomes constant; from variety affects uniformity: conceits are the language proper to the description of such scenes. Some valleys are composed of rock entire, pure of almost any other ingredient; not a leaf, nor a blade of grass to be seen. Some whose base is water. Others where nothing scarcely but trees are to be seen, neither rocks nor water, all foliage. Some,

where the forlorn eye is greeted by nothing but poor stunted grass or moss ; some, but slate—or sand.

Even the works of art here catch a fantasticalness from nature. We see bridges tripping across chasms of the globe, and mocking abysses of water : we see roads lashed round the peaks of mountains that moulder with age ; or hooked on the outmost reach of a precipice.

“ Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor ;
“ Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.”



